



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

About fifty years ago, when old George third was King,
And the Prince, the star of fashion, brightly shone in pleasure's ring,

The English country Squire was a man of great renown,
He'd an old Hall in the country and a modern house in town.

A Justice of the Peace he was and also an M. P.

But was fettered to no party, his principles were free.

He counted in the Premium though his son was in the guards,

With Fox he sometimes voted, but much oftener played at cards.

He kept a stud of Racers 'twas his joy to see them run,
And his sideboards were well covered with the gold cups they had won.

To the town he represented every year he gave a plate,
And to the course, in coach and six, he always came in state;

Six goodly nags they were, though very fat and slow,
Their manes were decked with ribbons, and their flowing tails also;

His lady sat beside him tall and upright as a wand,
And the people loudly cheered him on alighting at the stand.

He kept a pack of fox hounds of pure old English breed;
Most musical and staunch they were, but not much famed for speed;

His hunters were enduring, and could go a decent pace;
To suit his hounds he bred them, not to run a steeple-chase:
He boldly went at hedge or gate, nor stop'd at ditch or brook,
And many a Melton Mowbray swell might shy the leap he took.

'Twas a pleasant sight to see him thro' a bun-fence make a gap,

With a pig-tail like a drum stick, cocking out behind his hat.

On the first day of September, as the season came around,
With his pointers in the stubble he was always to be found,
Though his gun was like a musket, an old fashioned flint
and steel,

Wide muzzled and a kicker, she was heavy in the heel.
Yet birds, they being plentiful, he brought down many a
brace:

And if he found them sitting why he show'd them little grace.
Few thought of shooting flying about fifty years ago,
Kill when you can was then the word and truest shooting low.

His rent day was at Michaelmas, within his oak roof'd wall,
Where borders, arms and horns of deer bedeck'd the pan-
nel'd wall;

It was his custom and a good one with his tenantry to dine,
And a fine toast that he gave them, in a gold cup fill'd with
wine,

Old claret rich and sparkling such as seldom's tasted now,
Was the King and Royal Family, and God speed the Plough.
Amen exclaimed the Vicar when his patrons seated were,
While the farmers drank their bumpers off, and gave a hearty
cheer.

'Tis now thirty years ago, the sad time I well remember,
On a dull and dreary day, in the dark month of November,
This good old English Squire, aged three score years and ten,
Was gathered to his fathers to the grief of all good men.
In the village church he's buried, scarce a mile from the
old Hall,

His Heir was chief mourner, six old neighbors bore the Pall,
His memory is cherished yet, and many people say,
With the good old English Squire, good old times are gone
away.